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AN

ESSAY

Towards a

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

PSALMS,

IN

ENGLISH VERSE.

To which is added

A Paraphraſe on the Third CHAPTER of the *REVELATIONS.*

By BASIL KENNETT, Fellow of *C.C.C.* *OXON.*

LONDON,

Printed by *J. H.* for *B. Aylmer*, at the *Three Pigeons* in *Cornhill*, 1706.

BRITISH MUSEUM

48
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255.

TO

Mrs. *TEMPLE*

OF

Moor-Park in *Surrey.*

Madam,

THO' Poeſie is one of thoſe Excellencies or Endowments, *that have had the Honour to be eſteemed Divine* *; yet if deriv'd from the Powers of mere Nature, we may *eaſily admire without adoring it, or giving it any Approaches to Divinity, which ſeem's to be debas'd, or diſhonour'd, by aſcribing to it any thing that is in the compaſs of our Action, or even our Com-*

* Sir *W Temple's* Miſcell. P. 2. Eſſ. III.

prehenſion, unleſs it be rais'd by an immediate Influence from it ſelf [*]. So that even the moſt Sacred Subject cannot render Poeſie Divine; but it muſt owe its Divinity to its Author and Inſpirer.

[*] Eſſay IV.

Among the truly Divine Poems, thoſe which by way of Eminence are ſtyl'd the *Pſalms* have likewiſe been term'd the *Little Bible*, the *Perfection of Sacred Writ*, and the *Store-Houſe of Religion*, and are therefore with great Wiſdom repeated, and endear'd to You, in the daily Service of the Church.

To reduce the *Pſalms* into Poetical Meaſures, to give them that Advantage in our Language which they had in their own, and to make them anſwer the Noble Idea, of

---*Wiſe*

...Wiſe Words taught in Numbers for to run,

is an Attempt that may be juſtified by the Higheſt Examples. It was once the Exerciſe of a Learned King, and his Great Lord Chancellor, and, before them, of Sir *Philip Sidney*, and the Counteſs of *Pembroke*, the ſame Incomparable Pair that join'd in tranſlating the Work of Your Illuſtrious Anceſtor, * *of the Truth of the Chriſtian Religion*, ſo well defended by his Pen, and adorned by his Race.

* The Lord *Philip de Mornay Du Pleſſis.*

The following Eſſay, which has been already honour'd with Your View, will now claim your Protection, and for its Apology in the World, will alledge, that it has paſs'd the Cenſure of ſo intelligent and accompliſh'd a Family. 'Tis poſſible, that the Comment, with all its Failings, may put

You in mind of the Text, and that the *Pſalms*, as they are here offer'd, may find a new way into Your Thoughts, where they are ever ſo welcome, and where they will be known under any Diſguiſe.

Give me leave, Madam, to conclude this Addreſs with a Part of the next Book of Holy Scripture: It contain's the Character and Bleſſings of a Virtuous Wife; and, while my Wiſhes are ſo much engag'd in Your behalf, I cannot better repreſent either my Eſteem for Your Virtue, or my Deſire of Your Happineſs.

THE

THE
Thirty First CHAPTER
OF THE
PROVERBS
Paraphras'd
In *Engliſh* VERSE.

VERSE 10, *&c.*

WHat curious Search may boaſt to find
The Wonder of the charming Kind?
What Rubies of the Eaſtern Shore
Can match her Virtue with their Store,
Oppoſing to th' accompliſh'd Dame,
The precious Luſtre of their Flame?

Her Spouſe with fearleſs Heart relie's
On the ſafe Conduct of her Eyes,
Nor Foreign Spoils with Danger buy's.
Greater at Home, in Peace to ſhare,
Domeſtick Trophies of the Fair,
Who with her Life extends her Care.

The Flax, or gentle Fleece, is taught
To take the Image of her Thought.
As ſome gay Veſſel that receive's
The Tribute of remoteſt Waves,
Rich Plenty in her Freight prevail's,
And Beauty flies upon her Sails.

Intent on early Care, ſhe know's
The Bluſhing of the Morning Roſe;
Give's Food to the laborious Swain,
And Portions to the Female Train.

Thoughtful of future Time, and skill'd
In gen'rous Thrift, th'-adjoining Field
She view's, and pay's the Purchaſe down,
Rais'd from the Product of her own.
With Vines ſhe plant's the willing Soil,
The Vineyard proſper's by her Toil,
The Vintage ripen's with her Smile.

Not folded with inglorious Eaſe,
Or nicely ſet in Form to pleaſe,
Her Arms the uſeful Diſtaff ſeize.

Her various-ſhining Thread may vie
With *Tyrian* Woolfs, and Princely Die:
And when declining Stars retire,
Her faithful Lamp maintain's its Fire.

Enno-

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Enno-

Ennobled by her High Command,
The Spindle brighten's in her Hand.
Yet, if her welcome Charge, the Poor,
Viſit her Hoſpitable Door,
She lay's th' unfiniſh'd Task aſide,
The Sacred Tribute to divide.

To raging Winds, and ſearching Snows
She dare's her comely Tribe oppoſe,
Who Winter's ſtormy Face behold,
Wrapt up in Scarlet from the Cold.

Her Bed of figur'd Tapeſtry,
Her Veſt of Silk Embroidery,
To raiſe the Purple's Bravery.
The Web is of her Growth, the Bloom
Of Colours open'd in her Loom.

Her Husband, while the Nation's Voice
Confirm's the Wiſdom of his Choice,
Is by his Splendor, and his State,
Known at the Court, and in the Gate;
And from the Council of his Peers
Marks of diſtinguiſh'd Honour bear's.

Soft Linnens which her Clew ſupplie's,
In Eaſtern Courts have born the Prize,
And *Perſia*'s Wealthy Merchant's ſhine
In Girdles that her Maidens twine.

Her Virtue cloath's her with Defence:
Her Pureſt Robe is Innocence.
This ſhe ſhall keep, and ſafe from Fears,
Shall triumph in ſucceeding Years.

While Truths Divine inſpire her Song,
And Wiſdom dwell's upon her Tongue,
In the ſweet Charmer you may trace
The Laws of each endearing Grace.

Strictly her Houſhold ſhe ſurvey's,
And notes their daily Courſe, and weigh's
Their Labour, and her ſelf no leſs
Diſdain's the Bread of Idleneſs;

Her Sons, of Native Worth poſſeſs'd,
Riſe, and proclaim their Mother Bleſs'd.
Her Spouſe's Eloquence repay's
Her Virtue with Eternal Praiſe.

Thy lovely Sex, with frequent Claim,
Give's Beauty to the Rolls of Fame;

But thy tranſcendent Deeds outſhine
The Glories of the Fairer Line.

Colour and Mien are vainly bright,
And dazzle with fallacious Light,
Soon is the brittle Shrine decay'd,
The Roſes and the Lilies fade:
A thouſand Graces hourly fly,
A thouſand Charms untimely die.

But Piety and ſpotleſs Truth,
Which flouriſh in Immortal Youth,
Admir'd of All, the Matron's Face
Adorn with more than Virgin Grace.

Her Works ſhall her Memorial prove,
And kindle lateſt Times with Love.

As Autumn beſt commend's the Spring,
Wont on its fragrant Head to bring
Ambroſial Fruits, a Golden Dow'r,
The Promiſe of the blooming Flow'r,
Her Praiſe is in her Bounty ſhown,
And her own Hands have form'd her Crown.

THE PREFACE.

TO Diſcourſe of the Worth and Excellency of the Pſalms, *is a greater Difficulty than to Tranſlate them: The many bright Figures and well-conceiv'd Appellations, that the* Greek *and* Latin *Fathers have applied to this Sublime Part of Holy Scripture, expreſs the Affection of the Speaker, but hold no Proportion with the Majeſty of the Subject. It would be needful to have the Eloquence of* St. Paul, *or* the Tongue of Men and Angels, *to commend a Book that contain's* all Myſteries and all Knowledge. *What can be perform'd in this Reſpect by Men of refin'd Learning and Piety, is to be met with in the Excellent Prefaces of the Lord* Hatton,

Hatton, *Dr.* Hammond, *Biſhop* Godeau, *and Dr.* Woodford. *The two former, having taken Refuge in this Divine Sanctuary from the late Evil Times, have by their reſpective Labours on the* Pſalter, *admirably prepar'd it for the Aſſiſtance of the Devout, and the Information of the Studious. The two latter, of all thoſe that have reſtor'd the Charm of Verſe to theſe Exalted Compoſures, ſeem to have brought the ſweeteſt Affections and moſt Seraphick Mind, but with various Succeſs. The* French *Biſhop, overcoming the Envy of ſome in his own Days, has been rank'd with the Greateſt Poets, as well as the moſt Eminent Prelates of his Country. The* Engliſh *Divine, tho' he ow'd his Profeſſion, and the juſt Rewards of it, to his then applauded Paraphraſe, yet had other Advantages which preſerve and recommend his Name, and is dearer to our Memory by the Example of his Life than of his Poems. And yet among thoſe things which have leſſen'd the Value of the* Engliſh *Performance, one of*

the Chief is, that it follow's the Liberty of the French. If it be an Errour (*ſays the worthy Author*) I have choſen rather to offend with *Sieur Godeau* a Foreigner, in the fulneſs of my Paraphraſe, than with any of our own Countrymen in too ſtrait a Confinement. *That it was an Errour, he had been aſſur'd, by that Great Perſon whom he has the Honour to ſtyle his* Judicious Friend *Mr.* Sprat; *but the Errour was then Popular, by the Authority of Mr.* Cowley. *This Excellent Man, tho' happy in moſt of his own Verſions, yet by the Range of his Fancy, the Inequality of his Numbers, his Boldneſs of Words, and Points of Wit, has ſet a very peculiar Copy, and ſeem's to have betray'd others into a dangerous Imitation. In the Preface to his* Pindaricks, *he had condemn'd the former Tranſlations of the* Pſalms, *with a Severity not uſual to him.* "*The* Pſalms *of* David (*ſays he*) *are a* "*great Example of what I have ſaid, all the* "*Tranſlators of which, even Mr.* Sandys

" *himself, (for in despite of Popular Er-*
" *rour, I will be bold not to except him,)*
" *for this very Reason, that they have not*
" *sought to supply the lost Excellencies of*
" *another Language with new ones in their*
" *own, are so far from doing Honour, or,*
" *at least Justice, to that Divine Poet, that*
" *methinks they revile him worse than* Shi-
" mei: *And* Buchanan *himself, (tho' much*
" *the best of them all, and indeed a great*
" *Person,) comes, in my Opinion, no less*
" *short of* David, *than his Country do's of*
" Judah. *The Rule he establishe's, that the lost Excellencies of one Language ought to be supply'd with new ones in another, is the same which has been so well expres's'd, and pursued by* Sir John Denham, *and the Lord* Roscommon. *But whether this Rule is better observ'd by Mr.* Cowley *himself, or by* Buchanan *with whom he is dissatisfied, the Reader will judge, if he compare the* Lyricks *of the former, with the* Elegiacks *of the latter, in their Attempts on the* 114*th* Psalm: *Tho'*

the Diſproportion between a wide and a juſt Paraphraſe will appear more viſibly, in thoſe of the Lord Roſcommon, *and Biſhop* Godeau, *on the* 148*th. We find the latter of thoſe Great Men apologizing for the Scope he had taken in this particular Piece, and confeſſing that the Greatneſs of his Subject had tranſported him beyond his Bounds. Yet his Bounds in all the reſt are more extended, his Manner more diffus'd and prolix, than will ever be ſuffer'd in an* Engliſh *Verſion.*

Mr. Sandys *is acknowledg'd for one of the moſt abſolute Maſters of our Poeſy; and perhaps none will exceed his* Pſalms, *that do's not admire and imitate his* Job. *Indeed, he muſt have known all that was either great or delicate in Verſe, who was able to lend ſo many Ornaments to Mr.* Milton, *and Mr.* Waller. *Yet even in his* Pſalms, *the ſtraitneſs of which cannot be defended againſt Mr.* Cowley's *Cenſure, he ſometimes allow's more ſpace to his happy Expreſſion. To give an Inſtance from* Pſalm *the* 137*th.*

The Preface.

O *Solyma*, thou that art now become
A Heap of Stones, and to thy ſelf a Tomb,
When I forget thee, my Dear Mother, let
My Fingers their Melodious Skill forget:
When I a Joy disjoin'd from thine receive,
Then may my Tongue unto my Palate cleave.

When we read this, we may cry out to the Writer, as Scaliger *to* Buchanan,

Fœlix Georgi, Lacteæ venæ Pater!

As, in return, we may apply to Buchanan's *Vein, that fine* Motto *which the Lord* Falkland *beſtow'd on Mr.* Sandys's,

....Cui non certaverit ulla,
Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per Annos.

The Authors of the late Tranſlation for the Uſe of Churches, as they have fully anſwer'd their good Deſign, which was to preſerve the Senſe

The Preface.

Senſe of the Pſalmiſt, *with the receiv'd Tunes, in pure, yet familiar Language; ſo in many Places they have not fail'd to ſhew themſelves equal to a Nobler Attempt, and capable of all thoſe Graces of Poetry which are not vulgar. I ſhall offer one Specimen from* Pſalm *the* 139*th.*

O, could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting Thee,
Where, Lord, could I thine Influence ſhun,
Or whither from thy Preſence run?
If up to Heaven I take my Flight,
'Tis there Thou dwell'ſt inthron'd in Light,
If down to Hell's Infernal Plains,
'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reign's.
If I the Morning Wings would gain,
And fly beyond the Weſtern Main,
Thy ſwifter Hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy Fugitive.

Or

Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight,
Beneath the Sable Wings of Night,
One Glance from Thee, one piercing Ray,
Would kindle Darkneſs into Day.

Theſe two Specimens ſeem to keep that juſt Medium *which has been ſo much deſir'd, and concerning which Biſhop* Godeau, *has left us the beſt Judgment, founded upon the trueſt Reaſons.* J'ay pris le milieu, *&c.* I have (*ſays he*) taken the middle way between a Verſion and a Paraphraſe; and tho' I have rather confin'd my ſelf within the ſtrict Bounds of the one, then launch'd out into the wide Field of the other, I have yet choſen to give the latter Title to my Book, not finding any that could expreſs the Temperament I have follow'd, and being unwilling to aſſume the Praiſe of a ſevere Conſtraint, which I have not always obſerv'd, and which I believ'd I ought not to obſerve. For, whether it were

were on account of thoſe Connexions that I was to make between the Verſicles, which ſeem'd leſs dependent in the Original, or to ſoften the Change of Perſons whom the *Pſalmiſt* make's to enter, and ſpeak of a ſudden, without preparing the Reader; or for the clearer Explication of ſome obſcure Paſſages, or that I might accommodate many Compariſons and Expreſſions to our way of thinking and ſpeaking, or by the Conſtraint of Rhime, or by the Laws of Verſification, I have been often oblig'd to enlarge, and to intermix my own Thoughts with thoſe of the Prophet. There's no making of a Chain of Diamonds, but by uniting them to one another, and 'tis not neceſſary that the String on which they are hung ſhould be of Gold, becauſe the Price and Luſtre of the Jewels is what we principally conſider.

I have ſet down this Judgment for the Inſpection of thoſe who ſhall be more happy than

I can

I can preſume to have been, or than the Author of it was, in its Uſe. The World is not without Hopes, that the Nobleſt Poets of our Time, they who ſing our Victories and Triumphs, may at length be prevail'd upon to reſcue David's *Lyre, and to ſhew that his Songs are not always ſung in a ſtrange Land. And that the Deſign may want nothing of its Grace and Beauty, we may depend upon the Concurrence of thoſe* Engliſh Muſes, *in whom the Excellent Spirit of* Orinda, *Mrs.* Wharton, *and Mrs.* Killigrew, *is reviv'd for the Glory of the Queen, and of the Age. When theſe moſt accompliſh'd Perſons, whoſe Virtues are equal to their Genius, ſhall contribute to an entire Verſion of the* Pſalms, *it will be ſufficient for the Publiſher of this Eſſay, if any one of his Compoſitions ſhall be permitted to ſtand, and ſurvive, in ſuch an Authentick Collection; or, if, at leaſt, by theſe ill Notes he may engage the beſt Artiſts, in doing Juſtice to the Divineſt Strains.*

AN

AN ESSAY Towards a PARAPHRASE ON THE PSALMS, In *English* VERSE.

Me verò ſacræ, dulces ante omnia, Muſæ
Accipiant cæliq; vias & ſidera monſtrent.

PSALM XIX.

Cœli enarrant Gloriam Dei.

ALL-Glorious Heaven reflects the Pomp Divine,
And from the bright Expanſe *Jehovah*'s Wonders ſhine.

Day tells to Day, and Night to Night his
Power,
Which in their Circling Walk his Steps adore.
Nor Human Speech they know, nor vocal
Sound,
Nor in feign'd Numbers tread the Æthereal
Round:
Yet matchleſs Eloquence in Signs they bear,
And the wide Nations read their Character.

There God, in Tents of State, with rich
Array,
High has enthron'd the Regent of the Day.
He, Nature's Bridegroom, gorgeous from the
Main
Advancing ſpreads o'er Heaven his Golden
Train:
When, Giant-like, exulting in his Force,
He ſtarts, his flaming Eye prevents his
Courſe:

Riſing in Eaſtern Majeſty, He ſtrays
Oblique, 'till Weſtern Climes arreſt his ways;
And Earth's deep Centre feels the fervor of his Rays.

Yet not in Heaven's fair Train perfection dwells,
But in the Judgments which Heaven's King reveals;
Theſe fix our reſtleſs Thoughts, our Guilt efface,
And brighten rude Corruption into Grace.
More ſure their Lamp than Nature's wandring Flames,
To pierce unnurtur'd Souls with Wiſdom's Beams.
Pure without Spot, and fram'd on ſtedfaſt Right,
Still they inform our Senſe, and ſtill delight,
Joy to the Heart diffuſe, and Luſtre to the Sight.

Chaſt are the Leſſons of *Jehovah*'s Fear,
Unmixt with Shade, and ever-during clear.
Strict Truth the Tenor of his Will maintains,
And in his Laws conſummate Juſtice reigns.
More beauteous they, more rich to charm Deſire, [Fire:
Than ſparkling Gems, or Gold improv'd by
Sweeter than Nectar from the fragrant Bloom,
Softer than balmy Droppings of the Comb:
Kind their Inſtruction, friendly their Supplies;
Endleſs their Triumph, and immenſe their Prize.

What Soul may its unnumber'd Faults retain
In view? O cleanſe me from my ſecret Stain,
And from preſumptuous Crimes with thy ſtrong Arm reſtrain!
Then crown'd with Glorious Freedom ſhall I ſtand,
Safe by thy Power, and deaf to their Command:

Nor ſhall the crying Guilt my Breaſt defile,
Or drive my waſted Virtue for its Spoil.
My Strength, and Great Redeemer, by thine Aid
Let what I act, and what I wiſh, be ſway'd;
Whate'er my Lips expreſs, or Thoughts deviſe,
True to thy Will, and Gracious in thine Eyes!

PSALM XXII.

Deus, Deus meus, quare dereliquiſti me?

MY God, my Father, do's! thy Care decline
Thy deareſt Son, abandon'd to his Pains?
Why ceaſe thy Aids? Where fly thy Thoughts Divine,
From the ſtrong Cries in which his Soul complains?

All Day my ſlighted Vows addreſs thy
Throne,
And all the Night diſturb with fruitleſs
Moan.

Yet pure thy Truth, unblam'd thy Judgments
ſtand,
(Glory of *Iſrael*, and fair *Sion*'s Praiſe !)
Well did our Fathers to thy Guardian-Hand
Entruſt the Safety of their Ancient Days:
Thy Help implor'd in needful Time, they
roſe
Unfoil'd, and turn'd Confuſion on their
Foes.

But I, degraded, ſink beneath the Race
Of Men, a Worm of low Contempt, the
Scorn
Of gazing Tribes, the Mark of vile Diſgrace,
By Earth rejected, as of Heav'n forelorn.

Heav'n

Heav'n was his Boaſt, they cry, let Heav'n imploy
Its Thunder now, to ſave its darling Joy.

Thou from the ſecret Cloſet of the Womb
Did'ſt me produce, and as thy Jewel prize;
Thy Goodneſs did an early Charge aſſume,
And ſtill my Mother's Breaſts thy Love ſupplies.
Forſake not my Diſtreſs, when Hope is dead
In waſting Grief, and all my Succours fled.

Unnumber'd Foes, as *Baſan*'s Herd combin'd
In ſolemn League, beſiege me with their Pow'r;
Or furious as the Deſert's rampant Kind,
With more diſtended jaws improve their Roar.

As ſudden Streams my Life's ſwift Torrent flows,
And ghaſtly ruines my wide Bones diſcloſe.

My Heart amid'ſt my melting Bowels fails,
As Wax diſſolv'd before imperious Fires:
Each Veſſel, ſcorch'd, like Potter's ſhreds, bewails
Its Native Moiſture, and in vain requires.
Lifeleſs my Tongue does to my Palate cleave
And ſprinkled Duſt conſigns me to my [Grave.

Me as their Prey inſatiate Dogs ſurround,
Begirt with impious Troops, in Hoſtile Guiſe:
My Hands, my Feet, bleed with the torturing Wound:
They count my Bones, transfix me with their Eyes.

The greedy Spoilers my torn Robe divide,
And ſeamleſs Veſtment by their Lots decide.

My Strength Supream, let my firm Thought be ſtay'd
On thy Relief, and arm thee in my Cauſe:
O haſt to guard me with reſiſtleſs Aid,
From pointed Swords, and Force of rav'nous Jaws.
Thy Hand ſhall cloſe the Lion's Mouth: thy Name
Has made the fierceſt Savages grow tame.

Thee will I ſing to *Jacob*'s ranſom'd Line,
And wide Aſſemblies ſhall be charm'd to hear.
Let *Sion*'s Song *Jehovah*'s Praiſe refine;
Exalt his Glories ye that own his Fear:

Who

Who turn'd not from my Cry, nor light eſteem'd
His Captive's Suit, but hearken'd and redeem'd.

Thee will I praiſe in the full gather'd Quire,
And thankful at thy ſolemn Altars pay
My Vows engag'd. The Meek their chaſt Deſire
Endleſs ſhall feed, nor ſhall their Heart decay.
Believing Nations, mindful whence they fell,
Shall throng to worſhip at thine Oracle.

Thee, Glorious King, ſhall diſtant Realms confeſs:
The Majeſty of Scepter'd Pomp is thine,
Lords of the Earth thy Royal Plenty bleſs,
Cheer'd with thy Feaſt, and ſuppliant at thy Shrine.

De-

Deceasing Tribes their joint Applauses give,
And praise the Pow'r, by which deceas'd they live.

Their never-failing Race, the sure Remains
Of *Sion* best belov'd, shall late derive
Thy Wonders in Hereditary Strains
Thro' future Years, and make thy Fame survive,
With happy Saints Elect, that Heav'n shall raise
To justify to Men their God's Eternal Ways.

PSALM

PSALM XXIII.

Dominus me regit, & nihil mihi deerit.

Jehovah doth my secret Passage guide,
Shepherd Divine; I need not other Care,
He leads me, compass'd with delicious Fare,
To verdant Beds, where living Waters glide.
Thy Truth confirms my Path, thy Joys supply
Life to my Soul, and Glory to thy Grace:
Thro' Death's dark-shadow'd Vale with stedfast Pace
Fearless I walk, for Thou, my Light, art by.

Thy

Thy Rod and Paſtor's Staff from envious Foes
My Steps enſure, they grieving ſee thee ſpread
My Table, Rich with Angel's Food; my Head
Thy Sacred Odors crown, my Cup with Bliſs o'erflows.

Inviolably kind! Thou ſhalt prolong
My Days with Charms of Love; while I ſuſtain
An humbler Charge among the Prieſtly Train,
And at thy Altars conſecrate my Song.

PSALM

PSALM XXVII.

Dominus illuminatio mea.

GOD is my Light; his pure Æthereal Stream
Cheers with its Warmth, and guides me with its Beam.
What Fear may ſhock my Soul! What Arm prevail
To cruſh my State, or make my Glories fail?
My vital Health flows from the Rays Divine,
What Terrors ſhall forbid my Lamp to ſhine?
The Godleſs Train, aſſembled to devour,
Fault'ring with haſty Malice, loſt their Pow'r.

But let embattl'd Hoſts againſt me riſe
Incens'd, no Peril ſhall my thought ſurprize,

Strong

Strong with Almighty Succours will I dare
The gather'd Force, and challenge all the War.

One Boon my Soul has crav'd, and will renew
The darling Thought, and with freſh Vows purſue;
That to my God I may devote my Days,
Inhabiting the Temple of his Praiſe:
Rapt with exceſſive Beauty to behold
His Charms, his Myſteries ſublime unfold.
For me in ſecret Manſions he ſhall hide,
And ſtretch his great Pavilion round my Side;
From evil Times indulge a ſafe Retreat,
And on the Rock of Ages fix my Seat.
He guards my Head from Foes, advanc'd above
The Sphere in which their vain Devices move.

Now ſhall my Votive Gifts his Altar crown,
And I my Gifts, tranſmitting his Renown,

Sung

Sung in Eternal Hymns: O gently bend
Thy great Regard, and ſweet Vouchſafements lend!
Seek ye my Face: How does my Soul embrace
Th' endearing Call, and ſeek thy bliſsful Face!
Extend the mild Effulgence of thy Light,
Nor with thy Terrors ſhade th' auſpicious Sight.
Still let my humbler State thy Thought imploy,
Strength of my Heart and Guardian of my Joy.
When Pity leaves, or Nature claims again
The Friends it gave, and ends their careful Pain,
My better Parent doth my Life ſuſtain.

My Steps on thine unerring Guidance wait;
Smooth the rough Path, and make the crooked ſtraight.

Each

Each heedleſs Step the wilely Foe ſurvey's
With nice Inſpection, and arraigns my Ways
Quit not thy Charge, for lo! the faithleſs Band
Aid with their Voice the Miſchief of their Hand,
By Calumny ſupport th' inſulting Wrong,
Blaſt with their Breath, and murder with their Tongue.
Bereft of Hope, when from Deſpair I ſought
Relief, thy Grace upheld my fainting Thought,
And ſhew'd that happy Land, to charm mine Eye,
Where Love ſhall never ceaſe, nor Life ſhall die.

Truſt thine Almighty Friend; his Bleſſing crave,
And with firm Thought expect his Time to ſave:

But let not thine impatient Fears upbraid
His ſlow Remembrance, or renounce his Aid.

PSALM XXIX.

Afferte Domino.

YE Mighty of the Earth, if juſtly mov'd
To hear a mightier Prince his Right declare,
And tell you loud whoſe Style, whoſe Crown, you wear;
Unleſs again you'd dare him to the Field,
Bring Homage, bring your Vows; and if you prov'd
His Strength unmatch'd, unrival'd Glories yield.

Exalt

Exalt his Honours, his dread Name adore;
Invite his Wiſdom to your growing Cares,
And change your weaker Policies for Prayers.
Join'd by th' impartial Stroke, in Worſhip join,
And common Mercies, common Aids, implore;
For beauteous Order ſuits with Holineſs Divine.

The circling Air, wide Scene of Providence,
The watry Forces, which their Station know;
Above the Firmament, and thoſe below,
Aw'd by their Maker's Voice, unite their Store,
To form a Throne of Majeſty, and thence
The God of Glory ſhews the Thunder of his Power.

This ſpeaks the Cedars Fate, tho' wont to raiſe
Their Heads in threat'ning Clouds, and to defy
The Arms of Heaven, to which they dwelt ſo nigh.
This cleaves their ample Trunks, and blaſts the Pride
Of Ages: *Libanus* with ſhame ſurveys,
His ruin'd Honours, and his naked ſide.

See! *Libanus* himſelf may not command
His tott'ring Vaſtneſs: See! the labouring Weight
Of *Sirion* reel's: both, looſen'd from their [Seat,
Leap, as their Herds; while livid Flames diſplay
The Terrors they increaſe, and thro' the Land,
The darted Light'ning marks the Thunderer's Way.

If once He bid th' *Arabian* Deſart ſhake,
The Deſart ſhake's, as Sand before the Winds: [Hinds
The Beaſts unſhelter'd ſtray; the teeming
Sink with the Fright, and haſten Nature's Pains.
Let Men extol his Praiſe, let *Iſrael* ſpeak,
Speak in his Sacred Courts, the God of Nature reigns.

He reigns above the Floods, Eternal Lord:
Should faithleſs States his Mercies not confeſs, [bleſs.
The choſen Nation will his Judgments
Thoſe, long repriev'd, He ſhall at once deſtroy:
To this, once chaſten'd, He ſhall long afford
Strength to defend his Gifts, and Quiet to enjoy.

PSALM XXXII.

Beati quorum remiſſæ ſunt iniquitates.

WHat Heavenly Peace, what Joys refin'd
Dwell in a bleſt forgiven Mind,
Which heal'd of every paſt Offence,
Shines with imputed Innocence!
No lurking Guile, no ſecret Vein
Is left that might renew the Stain.
For while my Follies, unconfeſt,
Found not a Paſſage from my Breaſt,
My ſearching grief devour'd my Prime,
And Sin had ſtol'n the Wings of Time.
Thy Preſſures on my waſted Spirits lay,
By Night a Terror, and a Cloud by day.

Nor Tears could riſe to quench the ſcorching
Pain;
Nor moiſter than the Summer's Drought my
Rain.
But when I rent the guilty Veil,
Spread to diſguiſe, and to conceal;
And humbled all my Heart in Prayer,
And laid my wounded Spirit bare
To Heaven and Thee, thy healing Word
Of Grace my better Life reſtor'd.
May Pious Souls with like Succeſs
Within the milder Time addreſs;
E'er yet the ſinful Torrent's height
Has bar'd them from the Mercy-ſeat.
Thou art my Refuge, and my Reſting-place;
Thou art my Strength, Victorious in the Race,
And thou ſhalt triumph: now let Songs Di-
vine
Sound from each Part, and loſe my Praiſe in
thine.

Sinner, if my Inſtruction may
Reduce thee from the mazy way,
And lend the Clew my Steps have tried,
And make my faithful Eye thy Guide,
Scorn to expreſs in Reaſon's Courſe,
Th' unthinking Beaſt's unruly Force;
Whom Bit and Bridle ſcarce conſtrain
With heedful Pace to tread the Plain.
Miſchief, and ſure Deſtruction wait
On Folly, haſt'ning to its Fate:
But humble Confidence, and Hope ſincere,
Mercies embracing ſhall protect from fear.
Be glad ye faithful Hearts, ye Saints rejoice,
In Him that moves, and Him that crowns, your Choice.

PSALM

PSALM XXXIII.

Exultate juſti in Domino.

YE juſt inſpir'd with Joy Divine, renew
Your Song; for Praiſe is comely from the [True,
Let vocal Strains in ſweet Contention riſe
With warbling Harps, and Ten-ſtring'd Pſalteries:
Bring Lays untouch'd, and Numbers newly found,
And Skill proportion'd to the boldeſt Sound.
Jehovah's Word Eternal Juſtice guides,
And Judgment o'er his faithful Works preſides.
Great, Good, and Upright, are his charming Styles:
And Earth, repleniſh'd with his Bounty, ſmiles.

Heavens

Heaven's radiant Hoſt, the Golden Orbs a-
bove,
Roſe at his Voice, as by his Breath they
move.
He to a Mountain ſwell's the wat'ry Plain,
And in his Store-houſe treaſure's up the Main.
Thou Earth, confeſs his Rule! thou World,
adore
His Will Supreme, and tremble at his Pow'r!
He ſpake, and All was done: by his Com-
mand
Firm in their Ranks the beauteous Natures
ſtand.
He make's the Counſels of the Wiſe as Dreams;
Defeat's their Art, and diſſipate's their Schemes.
Unmov'd his Counſels, as his Glories, ſhine,
Nor endleſs Ages change his fixt Deſign.
O Bleſt, who place in God their Sacred
Claim,
And wear the great Diſtinction of his Name!

He,

He, from the Glorious Brightneſs, where He reign's,
With kind Regard looks down on Mortal Pains.
He form's each moving Heart, each Purpoſe weighs,
And Thoughts unfiniſh'd in their Cauſe ſurveys.
Weak are embattel'd Troops their Chief to ſave,
Nor matchleſs Valour may ſecure the Brave.
Vainly, who ſhun's his Foe, or haſt's to meet,
Entruſt's his Safety with his Courſer's Feet.
But blameleſs Souls beneath *Jehovah*'s Eye
Flouriſh ſecure, and on his Aids rely.
Each flying Death their guarded Head ſhall ſpare,
Nor meagre Famine may their Force impair.
Our Soul does on *Jehovah*'s Mercy build
Its Strength, and waits the Safeguard of his Shield: He

He ſhall our Heart in rapturous Strains im-
ploy,
And equal to our Faith exalt our Joy.
O be propitious, while our Hopes embrace
Thy ſure Relief, and triumph in thy Grace!

PSALM XXXIV.

Benedicam Domino in omni tempore.

FOR ever let me ſing *Jehovah*'s Praiſe,
And bleſs th' Eternal Name in ceaſe-
leſs Lays:
Which when I boaſt, each humble Soul ſhall
hear
My glad Report, and in my Triumph ſhare.
Come, add the Fervor of your Strains to
mine;
And with joint Hymns exalt the Theme Di-
vine.

De-

Deſpoil'd of Hopes, in Human Strengths betray'd,
My Soul took Refuge in my Maker's Aid.
He to my Vows indulg'd a gentle Ear,
And freed me from the Torment of my Fear.
No guilty Shame may change the Righteous Face,
Enlighten'd with the Splendors of his Grace.
The Poor, forlorn, to Heaven his Suit prefer'd;
His humble Suit was for his Meekneſs heard:
The Great Defender was his Sacred Stay,
And from perplexing Streights retriev'd his way. [ſuſtain
Heaven guards the Juſt, and does their Force
By Angels numberleſs, their daily Train.
O taſt the Charms Divine, the Joys unknown, [own
And, raviſh'd with the ſweet Conviction,
The Bleſt Dependents of the bounteous Throne!

The

The Saints, who Great *Jehovah*'s Fear confeſs,
Nor Dangers ſhall afflict, nor Wants diſtreſs,
The Proud, as Lions torn with Hunger, roar,
Preſs'd with baſe Need: Heavens never-failing Store
Flow's on the Juſt, and feed's with kind Supply
The ſober Uſe of thankful Piety.
Sweet Train of Youth, our riſing Hope, draw near,
Attend the Inſtruction of a Father's Care,
And fill your gentle Minds with Sacred Fear.
If Life's extended Joy your Wiſhes raiſe
To feel long Health, and ſhine with Golden Days;
Dare to be true, your yet untainted Tongue
Guard from Deceit, your Lips from guileful Wrong:
Excel in Virtue's School, from Folly ceaſe;
And court with early Steps the charming Paths of Peace.

The

The faithful Tribe *Jehovah*'s Sovereign Eye
Lead's, and defend's; his Ear invite's their Cry.
Men loſt in Sin the Terrors of his Face
May not ſupport; but periſh from their Place, [Race.
Curſt in their Name, and blaſted in their
Jehovah, Good to hear, and Great to ſave,
From raging Storms, and each impendent Wave,
Reſcue's his Sacred Charge, his Grace reveal's
To lowly Minds, and with the Contrite dwell's.
Stronger their Virtue by Reſiſtance grow's,
And bear's their Faith, triumphant in their Woes, [Foes.
Thro' frequent Deaths, and thro' unnumber'd
Nor Force, nor Fury, may their Frame disjoin,
Or bruiſe one Pillar in the choſen Shrine.
Swift Plagues, and waſting Deſolations, wait
On Sinners, to conſume their cauſeleſs Hate.

But

But faithful Souls, and which in God confide
Their High Redeemer, and their Sacred Guide,
Unmov'd as Heaven shall stand, nor cease to prove
The Great Protection of Almighty Love.

PSALM XXXVII.

Noli æmulari.

ENvy not prosp'rous Sinners, nor repine
At their false Joys, nor rival their Design.
Swift shall they perish, as the ripen'd Blade
Falls to the Scythe, or as the Pastures fade.
Trust in the Strength Divine; let Duty guide
Thy constant Steps, and o'er thy Paths preside.
Dwell with Content where Heaven has fixt thy Seat,
And sure Refreshments on thy Lips shall wait.

Delight

Delight thee in thy God: He ſhall inſpire
Thy Heart with Joy, and fill thy vaſt Deſire.
To Him commit thy Path; his Hand ſhall bleſs
Thy Cares, and lead thy Counſels to Succeſs.
He with pure Light ſhall crown thy guiltleſs ways,
And on thy Juſtice ſhed Meridian Rays.
To Faith, and ſilent Confidence reſign'd,
Attend his Aids: nor vex thy peaceful Mind
At impious Men, if chance with lawleſs Spoil
They ſwell their Stores, and flouriſh in their Guile.
Ceaſe from Diſguſt, let vain Reſentment end
Its Rage, e'er Grief tranſport thee to offend.
Fierce Judgments ſhall ungodly Tribes devour,
And injur'd Patience to its Seat reſtore:
On Wings of ſpeedy Ruine ſhall they fly
From Sight, and loſt in dark Extinction lie:

Nor Earth, by them defil'd, ſhall let thee trace
Their guilty Footſteps, or confeſs their Place.
But ſweet Complacence ſhall its State maintain,
And Meekneſs crown'd with Peace diffuſive reign.
Confederates in Sin their Wiles prepare,
To cruſh the Juſt, and ſpread their artful Snare,
Furious with Guilt, and gnaſhing with Deſpair.
Jehovah ſhall their baffled Force deride,
Haſt'ning the Period of their ſhort-liv'd Pride.
High brandiſh'd is their Sword, their Shafts addreſs'd,
To wound the Poor, and pierce the ſpotleſs Breaſt.
To their own Breaſt the Steel its Courſe ſhall find,
And ſhiver'd Bows be riven with the Wind.

More precious the ſweet Scantlings that be-
long
To blameleſs Souls, than Wealth amaſs'd by
Wrong.
Weak, and impair'd with Sin, th' ungodly Foe
Shall ſink his ſhatter'd Arm, and drop his
fault'ring Blow:
Vain! to aſſail the Guards of Innocence,
Strong in its own, and ſafe in Heaven's, De-
fence.
Heaven ſhine's upon the Pure, with Joy ſur-
vey's
Their bliſsful Portion, and their endleſs Days.
Nor ſhall diſtreſſing Ills their Force ſurprize,
Nor waſting Famine drain their ſure Supplies.
The proud Rebellious ſhall in Wrath ex-
pire,
As fatten'd Victims melting at the Fire,
And, as the trembling Smoak, to Shades re-
tire.

Th' Ungodly borrow, nor the Loan reſtore;
Wanting the Will condemn'd to loſe the Pow'r.
The Godly's Treaſure with their Bounty
grows;
The Fountain riſing as the Channel flow's.
For Virtue, favour'd by *Jehovah*'s Eye,
Shall deeply fix, and ſhoot its Branches
high;
But, ſmitten with his Curſe, the Root of Sin
ſhall die.
Jehovah guide's the Juſt with Sacred Light,
And make's their Path the Triumph of his
Sight:
Or, in their Fall, without a mortal Wound
Th' Almighty Hand ſhall bear them from the
Ground.
From Youth's bright Dawn, to this Decline of
Years,
With long Experience fraught, and vers'd in
Cares,

Ne'er

Ne'er have I ſeen the Juſt in low Diſgrace,
With Hopes forlorn, or with a beggar'd
Race.
From inexhauſted Funds their Mercy lend's;
And plenteous Bleſſing to their Seed deſcend's.
Fly the Deceits of Sin, thy Power's imploy
In Acts of Grace, and dwell in endleſs Joy.
Still undeſerted by the Love Divine
Fair Virtue ſhall with laſting Safety ſhine?
While Heaven's ſure Plagues cut ſhort th'
Ungodly Line.
Unmov'd the Saint ſhall in his Portion ſtand,
And by Eternal Right poſſeſs the Sacred
Land.
Heaven's lively Oracles inſpire his Tongue,
Truth is his Theme, and Wiſdom form's his
Song.
While his rais'd Thoughts the Law Divine
diſplay,
No ſlipp'ry Track may his firm Steps betray.

For, tho' by ſinful Men with Rage purſu'd
Watching his Feet, and thirſting for his Blood,
The Guardian Power ſhall from their Hands reſume
Its Charge, nor Heaven confirm th' unrighteous Doom.
Wait on thy God; by his high Counſel ſteer
Thy faithful Courſe, and conquer by his Fear.
He ſhall thy Wiſh to ſure Poſſeſſion raiſe,
While blaſted in thy Sight the Godleſs Tribe decay's.
As ſome aſpiring Native of the Field,
The mighty Slave of Sin have I beheld,
Circled with Pomp, with Branches gay and green,
Diſpread his Trophies, and uſurp the Scene:
'Till, with a Moment's Breath, his Leaves were blown
To diſtant Coaſts, and his dead Trunk was gone.

Mark

Mark well the perfect Soul, the Juſt attend;
For Peace adorn's his Path, and Glory crown's his End.
But Miſchiefs ſhall involve the guileful Train,
And fierce Exciſion waſt their vile Remains.
Jehovah's Hand ſhall with reſiſtleſs Aid
Suſtain the Juſt, when threat'ning Foes invade:
Or, if by lawleſs Might oppreſs'd, they cry,
His matchleſs Succours ſhall new Force ſupply,
When rais'd from Mortal Views, their Hopes on Heaven rely.

PSALM XLII.

Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum.

AS the wild Stag, provok'd by thirsty Flame,
With shrill Complaint do's to the Current fly;
Transported thus, my Soul th' Eternal Name
Pursue's, such is my Thirst, my Flight, my Cry.
Place me some Angel at the blissful Stream,
Or to the Fountain-Head my ravish'd Lips apply.

Sated

Sated with Tears, and fed with vain Deſire,
Ceaſeleſs I mourn, while proud Revilers ſay,
Where flie's thy Strength? Where do thy Guards retire?
Paſt Joys in preſent Anguiſh I ſurvey,
When with triumphant Shout I led the Quire
To the High Temple on the Sacred Day.

Why doth imperious Grief uſurp my Breaſt?
Why faint's my yielding Soul? that Care reſign
To God above; compoſe thy Thought to Reſt,
With humble Hope, and on his Arm recline,
While I for ever praiſe Him, Ever-bleſs'd,
Who makes my Heart to ſing, my Face to ſhine.

Oft

Oft my deſponding Heart thy Charms ſuſtai
With ſweet Reflection: thy Defence I wai
To thee commend my Soul in mournful Strain
Thus lonely wandring in my exil'd State,
Where *Jordan*'s fertile Streams enrich the
Plain,
From *Hermon*'s Brow, to *Tabor*'s gentler
height.

Wave rowl's on Wave, and Spout to Spout
replie's,
With fierce Colliſion; Deeps impetuous
roar,
To ſwallow me, ingulf'd: on me they riſe,
On me diſcharge their Storm, and their vain
Deluge pour:
Thy mightier Grace each Morn with Force
ſupplie's;
Thee for my Day's Defence my Midnight
Songs adore.

Eter-

Eternal Friend! ſhall I divided ſtand
From thy Remembrance, ſhall my Soul, diſmaid
With Horror, ſink beneath the Oppreſſor's Hand;
When Foes, as with a girding Sword, invade
My painful Frame, and inſolent demand,
Where's now thy Guard Divine, and thy reſiſtleſs Aid?

Why doth imperious Grief uſurp my Breaſt?
Why faint's my yielding Soul! that Care reſign
To God above; compoſe thy Thought to Reſt,
With humble Hope, and on his Arm recline;
While I for ever praiſe Him, Ever-bleſs'd,
Who make's my Heart to ſing, my Face to ſhine.

PSALM

PSALM XLVI.

Deus noster, refugium.

GOD is our Help, Almighty to defend,
Near, in Distress, and ready when we pray;
Him fearless will we serve, tho' Earth should rend
Her strong Foundations, and should Captive send
Her ancient Mountains to the middle Sea.

Tho' noisy Waves their Victory proclaim
While on their Backs the trembling Hills appear,
Yet *Siloah*'s Brook thro' bless'd *Jerusalem*,
Shall softly glide, to water with its Stream
The Court of *Sion*'s King, and *Sion*'s Sons to cheer.

The

The Sacred Gueſt ſuſtain's his beſt Belov'd,
And pour's out Bleſſings, as the Morning Light:
The ſcornful Nations rag'd, the Kingdoms mov'd;
But if He ſpeak, or look, the World, reprov'd,
Shall with his Breath diſſolve, or vaniſh at his Sight.

The God of Hoſts is Guardian of our State:
The God of *Jacob* is our ſafe Retreat.

Behold *Jehovah*'s Strength! what Flame devour's
Before his Face; what ſtormy Ruin's fly,
To ſtill the World, diſarm contending Pow'rs,
Or break their Battle-Bow, or waſt their Store's;
Or ſnap their Spears, or burn their vain Artillery.

Be

Be ſilent, then, ye Foes, and beg your Peace,
And ſlack your own, or dread your Sovereign's Hand:
His Glories riſing as your Tumult's ceaſe,
Will ſhine on *Sion*; that the faithful Race
Secure may praiſe Him in their Father's Land.

The God of Hoſts is Guardian of our State;
The God of *Jacob* is our ſafe Retreat.

PSALM LI.

Miſerere mei Deus.

FAther of Mercies, and of Sacred Grace,
If yet thy kind Compaſſions richly flow,
If yet the boundleſs Summ do's greater grow;
Pity my wretched Want, that beg's the whole,
My Debts immenſe to cancel, and efface
The deepeſt Guilt that could attaint a Soul.

Waſh

Be silent, then, ye Foes, and beg your Peace,
And slack your own, or dread your Sove-
raign's Hand:
His Glories rising as your Tumult's cease,
Will shine on *Sion*; that the faithful Race
Secure may praise Him in their Father's
Land.

The God of Hosts is Guardian of our State;
The God of *Jacob* is our safe Retreat.

PSALM LI.

Miserere mei Deus.

FAther of Mercies, and of Sacred Grace,
If yet thy kind Compassions richly flow,
If yet the boundless Summ do's greater grow;
Pity my wretched Want, that beg's the whole,
My Debts immense to cancel, and efface
The deepest Guilt that could attaint a Soul.

Wash

Waſh me thro'out, and drench my Natur
clean ;
And Heavenly Show'rs of mild Refreſhmen
bring,
To purifie the long polluted Spring:
For oh! my conſcious Thought with
Shame purſue's
The ſad Remembrance of the ſinful Scene,
And what it ſtill abhor's, it ſtill review's.

To Thee my Judge alone I guilty plead;
My Follies, cover'd from the doubtful Light
Of Mortal Eyes, are naked to thy Sight:
That thou, for ever juſt, for ever clear,
With Truth and Righteous Sentence may'ſt
proceed,
And Victor in th' important Cauſe ap-
pear.

For

For Sin was mingled with my Native Frame,
And on my tender Birth ſome ſecret Vein
Strongly deriv'd th' Hereditary Stain:
But Purity of Soul thy Laws require,
And that they may ſecure their friendly Claim,
Wiſdom Divine, and radiant Grace inſpire.

Thy gentle Health, with ever ſoft Relief,
More fragrant Sweets than cleanſing Herbs beſtow,
More whiteneſs than the Fleece of falling Snow,
Shall to my Soul, new waſh'd in Tears, derive:
My Bones, diſtorted on the Rack of Grief,
Aſſwag'd with Oyl of Gladneſs ſhall revive.

Thy fiercer Wrath, and thy ſeverer View,
Let my paſt Shame, (my preſent Grief,
decline ;
Nor write my Errors in thy Page Divine:
Purge and refine my Heart within, re
new
A Spirit there, ſo Right, ſo Heavenly true,
As ev'n may boaſt to be allied to Thine.

Reject me not, abandon'd of thine Aid,
Barr'd and ſecluded from thy bliſsful Ways;
Nor cauſe thy Spirit to divert his Rays:
Thy Heavenly Peace, thy ſaving Joys,
reſtore;
Let me, with Glorious Liberty array'd,
Walk by thy Light, and conquer by thy
Pow'r.

Then

[Theme;

Then ſhall thy Mercies be my charming Theme;
While Sinners haſten to retract their Choice,
Won by my faithful Pattern, and my Voice:
To Virtue's diſtant Path, (ſo long unknown,)
My Guidance ſhall their wand'ring Steps reclaim,
And add their wiſh'd Converſion to my own.

Save me, my God, and make me ceaſe to hear
Th' amazing Terrors of my great Offence,
The piercing Cries of ſlaughter'd Innocence;
God of my Help, and Refuge! Then my Tongue
Shall find no other Uſe, no other Care,
But with thy Glories to exalt its Song.

My Lips, unſeal'd, and hallow'd by thy Call
Of thy tranſcendent Praiſe aloud ſha
tell,
And on Eternal Goodneſs late ſhall dwell
For thou delighteſt not in Victims ſlain;
A Thouſand votive Oxen elſe ſhould fall,
And Sheep by thouſands ſhould thy Al
tars ſtain.

Divinely pure! Thou art not charm'd with
Blood:
But never will Almighty Grace diſdain
An humble Spirit, bruis'd with Holy Pain;
From a clean Heart, diſſolv'd in Sacri-
fice,
And kindled with thy Fires, a grateful Cloud
Of ſweeteſt Odors to thy Throne ſhall
riſe.

Regard

Regard thy *Sion* with thy brighteſt Smiles,
And with the Gifts of Heav'n her Off-ſpring bleſs:
Her Sacred Gates let Strangers not poſſeſs,
Nor proſp'rous Rebels triumph in her Spoils:
O! Speed her Walls; adorn her Hallow'd Piles,
Rais'd by thy Pow'r, cemented with thy Peace.

Then ſhall thy ſolemn Altars largely flame,
And thou the myſtick Offerings ſhalt approve,
If they exalt our Faith, and warm our Love:
Then gladly will we tread thy Courts, and I
My whole Prerogative will boaſt to claim
In Royal Penitence and Piety.

PSALM LXXXIV.

Quàm dilecta tabernacula tua!

WHat Charms, Eternal King, thy Manſions crown!
How goodly are thy Tents, how bright thy Throne!
My Soul do's to the Seats Divine aſpire,
Reſtleſs with Hope, and fainting with Deſire.
My Heart cry's out thy diſtant Courts to ſee,
And my Fleſh die's, if long detain'd from thee.
Oft my weak Thoughts pronounce the Sparrow bleſs'd,
Which in the Sacred Roof adorn's her Neſt:
As oft the Swallow do's my Envy raiſe,
Which on ſo Rich a Bed her Off-spring lay's.
Supremely bleſs'd, who in thy Courts reſide,
Nor from fair *Sion*'s Gate their Steps divide!

For

For they, with ceaſeleſs Hymns, rejoycing, tell
Thy Works, and ever on thy Praiſes dwell.
O Bleſs'd, whoſe Hearts ſupported by thine Aid,
Muſe on the Paths that to thy Temple lead!
Whoſe painful Hand the dubious Paſſage clear's,
And with bright Channels drain's the Vale of Tears:
From Stage to Stage advanc'd, in Choire they join,
The God of Gods to praiſe, at *Sion*'s Sacred Shrine.
Great Leader of the Angelick Hoſt, attend
My Vows! Give ear O *Jacob*'s ancient Friend!
Behold, our Guardian, our Almighty Shield!
On thine Anointed be thy Grace diſtill'd,
Plenteous of Sacred Peace, with Heav'nly Comfort fill'd!

One ſolemn Day my raviſh'd Soul imploy's,
Fixt in thine Houſe, afford's an Age of Joys:
More glorious at thy Threſholds ſhall I wait,
Than o'er the Tents of Sin enthron'd in State.
Fountain of Light! thine inexhauſted Ray
Guide's, and protect's us, in the bliſsful Way:
On faithful Souls deſcending Graces flow,
And Glories ſhall inveſt the Righteous Brow
With Worſhip: nothing Good, and nothing Fair
Once ſhall deceive their never fruitleſs Pray'r.
Triumphant Chief of the bright Bands above!
Unmatch'd the Joys thy glad Dependents prove;
Endleſs the bliſs diffus'd, that center's in thy Love!

PSALM

PSALM LXXXV.

Benedixiſti Domine terram tuam.

ON thy forſaken Land thy Favours ſhine,
Great King! and reſcue *Jacob*'s Captive Line:
Thy Goodneſs veil's our Guilt; thy Balms diſpence
Health to our Wounds, and baniſh our Offence:
Recall'd are all thy Terrors; in thy Face
Pity ſucceeding breath's Immortal Grace.
Turn us, our God! confirm thy ſaving Name:
Turn us, and ceaſe the Reliques of thy Flame.
For Ages ſhall thy Wrath its Edge diſcloſe,
And ſcourge us with Hereditary Woes?

Or

Or ſhall thy bliſsful Comforts not revive
Thy Tribes, and Pleaſure to their Soul derive,
To joy in thy Defence, and in thy Praiſe to ſtrive?
Let Mercy, wide triumphant, charm our Eyes,
And bright Salvation on our Darkneſs riſe.
To thy propitious Voice my Vows attend,
Courting the peaceful Meſſage to deſcend:
For Peace it brings to All whom Folly's Chain
Once has releas'd, not to be bound again.
Grace wait's on Holy Fear, and in our State
Glory conſpicuous take's its radiant Seat.
In Bleſs'd Embraces Truth and Mercy join,
And Piety and Peace greet with a Kiſs Divine.
Fair Truth ſhall ſpring abundant from our Soil;
Mercy, Heav'n-born, from Heav'n well-pleas'd ſhall ſmile:

While Peace indulgent, ſhow'ring from the Sky,
Proſper's the large Increaſe of Piety.
Where Truth and Piety the Path prepare,
Angels encamp, *Jehovah*'s Tents are there,
And all the Train of Heav'n compoſe the
Glorious Rear.

PSALM XC.

Domine, refugium factus es nobis à generatione.

THro' Time's wide Courſe have we, Immortal King!
Dwelt in the Sacred Shelter of thy Wing.
Before the Mountains old from Nature's Birth
Their Vaſtneſs rais'd, before the fertil Earth
With her fair blooming Off-spring deck'd the
Plain,
Thou fill'ſt th' Eternal Circle of thy Reign.

Thy

Thy Voice Creation follow'd; on thy Call
Deſtruction wait's; our dark Original
Commanded we repeat, and as we roſe we fall.
Thouſands of turning Years their Period run
To thy unbounded View, as Yeſter Sun:
Or, ſwifter than the Watches of the Night,
Start, and out-ſtrip Succeſſion in their Flight.
Thy ſweeping Torrent bear's us down its Stream,
Loſt as the Glances of a ſhapeleſs Dream.
So the frail Flow'r with Roſie Morning vie's
In Luſtre; chill'd with Ev'ning Vapours die's.
Thy Rage devour's our Frame; thy Fury tear's
Our Vital Strength, and ſhake's our Soul with Fears.
Rang'd are our Crimes beneath thy great Survey,
And guilty Shades lie naked to thy Day.

Con-

Contracted by thy Wrath, our Annals fail,
While haſty Life cut's off its broken Tale.
Scarce ſeven times ten Winters count our Age
In Nature's Book; or, if we force the Stage
Ten Winters onward, Life's a ſad Diſeaſe;
Swift from our ſelves we fly, or ſoon our ſelves
diſpleaſe.
Yet who thy Judgment fear's? whoſe careful
View
Reflects, that more than Man can fear is
true?
May Life's inſtructive Numbers make us wiſe,
And the ſhort Race inflame us with the Prize.
Return, our great Defence! nor with Delay
Afflict thy Work, or ſtrive againſt thy Clay.
O let thy earlieſt Beams of Mercy ſhine,
And brighten with thy Joys our yet extended
Line.
Meaſure thy Comforts by our Plagues: efface
An Age of Sorrows with an Age of Grace:

Whilſt

Whilſt we the Glories of thy Strength adore,
And our late Off-spring triumph's in thy
Pow'r.
For ever let thy Charms Divine diſplay'd
Smile on our Cares, and guide our Hands with
Heavenly Aid.

PSALM CII.

Domine exaudi Orationem meam.

ALmighty Patron! aid my weak Addreſs;
And on the Wings of Mercy let it
fly,
With kindly Paſſage, and with ſwift Acceſs:
Hide not thy Preſence from my laſt Diſtreſs:
Regard my ceaſeleſs Grief, attend my Cry;
And timely be to hear, and ſpeedy to re-
ply.

For

For raging Fires my melting Frame invade,
And as the Smoke my Days exhale in vain;
My Heart, as wither'd Paſtures, is decay'd,
My looſen'd Skin the ſtarting Bones upbraid:
And every wretched Moment, rack'd with pain,
Forget's the Bread that ſhould the next ſuſtain.

How apt an Emblem of my hopeleſs State,
Thoſe mournful Birds which to their Sorrows true,
In Deſarts, or on Ruines, chooſe their Seat,
Or vent their wailings from ſome lonely Height!
All, Day, my Foes incens'd, their Charge renew,
And Oaths confirm what Madneſs dare's purſue.

My

My Bread from taſtleſs Aſhes is unknown,
And mingled Tears my doubtful Cup divide;
While to the Precipice of falſe Renown
Rais'd by thy Wrath, I thence am fiercely thrown:
My Years as Graſs conſume, as Shadows glide;
With fading Verdure, and with fleeting Pride.

But weak Succeſſion, and the bounded Flight
Of Time, ſhall thine Eternal Day tranſcend,
By Hours unmeaſur'd, and unſtain'd with Night:
Thy Praiſe, recorded by the Sons of Light,
When Mortal Race, and ſhort-live'd Ages end,
Shall with thine own Infinity contend.

On

On *Sion* now, thine Ancient Dwelling-place,
With radiant Wings thy Mercies ſhall ariſe:
Now, the propitious Seaſon wait's thy Grace,
And court's thine Aid: for, long her ſuffering Race,
The Sacred Fragments of her Ruine prize,
And gaze upon her Duſt with ever wiſhful Eyes.

Aſtoniſh'd Nations trembling ſhall adore,
And Earth with all her Kings confeſs thy Reign,
When *Sion*'s Walls thy Bounty ſhall reſtore,
Encamping round the Glories of thy Pow'r;
When Thou ſhalt hear th' afflicted Tribes complain,
Nor the deſponding Vows of Souls forlorn diſdain.

In faithful Annals it ſhall late be told,
Exciting Praiſe in Nations yet unborn,
That from the Height of Heav'n thou didſt behold
The Tents of Men, and all thy Grace unfold;
That none unpitied in their Chains ſhould mourn,
But deſtin'd Victims might to Life return:

In Triumph might return, to *Sion*'s Seat,
Joy of their Life, and Light of their Deſire;
Their high Deliverer's Praiſe to celebrate,
In his full Temple, when the Nations meet,
Rapt with the Joys that Sacred Songs inſpire,
And gather'd Kingdoms mingle in the Choire.

But, in my weary Path He broke my Force,
Seal'd up my Days, eclips'd my brighteſt Hours:
O ſpare, I cry'd, nor take me from the Courſe,
When half remains to run! Thy bliſsful Source
Of Life ſhall ever flow; nor ſpace its Shores
Contract, nor Ages ſhall exhauſt its Stores.

Fixt by thy Might, Earth's firm Foundations ſtand;
Heav'n ſhine's, thy Works of Wonder to diſplay:
Yet to their Chaos Thou ſhalt both remand,
And late ſurvive the Labours of thine Hand:
When like a folded Scene, their vaſt Array
Shall paſs, and to new riſing Worlds give way.

But, unapproach'd by Change, thy radiant
Shrine
Shall Glories indefectible embrace,
Still in Aſcent, and never in Decline:
Tho' we to frail Mortality reſign,
Our choſen Off-ſpring ſhall behold thy
Face,
Flouriſh with Peace, and ſtand confirm'd in
Grace.

PSALM CIII.

Benedic anima mea Domino.

LET my rais'd Soul each grateful Pow'r
addreſs
To Heav'n, and all the Man his Maker bleſs
My Soul adore thy bounteous Lord, and ſhow
That on no barren Soil his Graces flow.

H

He to thy Guilt extend's his full Releaſe,
And heal's thy Sickneſs with the Balms of Peace:
He from thy precious Life each Plague remove's,
Cheer's with his Joys, and crown's thee with his Loves.
His gentle Hand provide's thy ſweet Repaſt,
And with delicious Fragrance charm's thy Taſt:
By which renew'd thy youthful Vigor ſpring's,
As the bold Eagle plume's her moulted Wings.
The Judge Supreme do's from the lawleſs ſtrong
Reſcue the Meek, nor yield's their Souls to Wrong.
His Glorious Way to *Moſes* He diſplay'd,
And *Iſrael* felt the Wonders of his Aid;

Himſelf the Herald of his matchleſs Fame,
Of Pity, Grace, and Goodneſs, form'd his Name,
And by thoſe Titles reign's which firſt he did proclaim.
Nor with relentleſs Hand his Storms he pour's,
Nor treaſure's up his Wrath in endleſs Stores:
But, placable and mild, will oft aſſwage
His high Diſpleaſure, and rebate his Rage.
Not by our Sin do's he his Acts diſpenſe,
Or meaſure his Returns by our Offence.
But, as Heaven's moving Fires their Glories raiſe
Above this Spot of Earth, theſe humble Ways
Of Mortal Life, ſo far his Mercy's height
Exceed's our Merit, and tranſcend's our State.
As, Eaſt diſcoaſted from the Weſtern Clime,
So wide, ſo vaſt, his Grace remove's our Crime.

Our

Our Want with ſweet Indulgence he ſupplie's,
And view's our Folly with a Father's Eyes:
His Eyes the Weakneſs of our Frame ſurvey,
And count our Nature's Duſt, that haſten's to Decay.
Each verdant Stem may match our Vital Line,
And each frail Flow'r in rival Beauty ſhine:
If, ſtruck with Blaſts, or with rude Showr's oppreſs'd,
It fall's, the Place forget's the lovely Gueſt.
But *Jacob*'s God to Time's extremeſt Ends,
Endleſs himſelf, his Mercy's Arms extend's;
And with ſucceſſive Bleſſings crown's the Race,
That ſerve his Will ſupreme, and reſt upon his Grace.
Heaven's Golden Spheres his Throne of State ſuſtain,
And Univerſal Nature fear's his Reign.

Praiſe Him ye Pow'rs of matchleſs Force, that ſtand
Circling his Throne in Empyreal Band,
And wait with all your Wings to bear his High Command.
Praiſe Him, Angelick Hoſt, his Acts recite
In Sacred Song, Ye Miniſters of Light.
All ye fair Works your Maker's Fame diſplay
In every Region ſubject to his Sway:
My Soul, which Heav'n diſdains not to inſpire,
Shall join Melodious part to your conſenting Choire.

PSALM

PSALM CXIII.

Laudate pueri Dominum.

JOin Voices all, ye faithful Tribe, proclaim
Your Maſter's Honour, bleſs *Jehovah*'s Name:
Jehovah's Name in ceaſeleſs Anthems raiſe,
And fill Eternal Ages with his Praiſe.
Praiſe Him, wheree'er the Sun obey's his Call,
Where wont in Heav'n to climb, and where to fall.
The Pow'rs of Empire to his Sway reſign;
Above the Stars his brighter Glories ſhine.
What Pomp may rival Great *Jehovah*'s State,
Who ſit's enthron'd beyond Creation's height,
Yet caſt's on loweſt Earth his Sov'raign Eye,
That condeſcended firſt to glance the Sky?

His

His Hand exalt's the Meek and ſuffering
Race,
From Sorrows undeſerv'd, and falſe Diſ-
grace,
That Princes may the Glorious Partners own,
And on afflicted Virtue place the Crown.
He from Reproach ſhall guard the Mourning
Fair,
Bleſs the Chaſt Bed, and grant the Barren's
Pray'r;
Till ſweet Domeſtick Cares her Thought im-
ploy,
And her dear Off-spring charm her Heart with
Joy.

PSALM-

PSALM CXXI.

Levavi oculos meos in Montes.

TO *Sion*'s Hills, from whence deſcend
The Succours that my Peace defend,
To *Sion*'s ancient Hills, I raiſe
My Sight, when Foes moleſt my ways.
The King whoſe Hand the Spheres confin'd,
And Earth in radiant Heav'n enſhrin'd,
His Succours ſhall my Fears releaſe,
And He's the Guardian of my Peace.
He ſhall forbid thy Foot to ſlide:
For ever wakeful by thy ſide.
Who, from the wide created Frame
Choſe *Sion*'s Seats to bear his Name;
Degrading Sleep his Glory flie's,
Nor Slumber may his Pow'rs ſurpriſe.

Al-

Almighty Aids ſhall at thine Hand,
Near as thy friendly Shadow ſtand:
Nor Sun with inauſpicious Ray
Shall on thy burning Spirits prey;
Nor Moon, with Influence unkind,
Shed nightly Terrors on thy Mind.
Jehovah ſhield's thee with his Grace,
And Danger flie's before thy Face.
From Him thy preſent Comfort Spring's;
Thy Safety dwell's upon his Wings:
And He, for endleſs Years to come,
Shall lead thee out, and bring thee home.

PSALM CXXII.

Lætatus ſum in his quæ dicta ſunt mihi.

O News of Joy, that charm'd my Ear,
O bliſsfull Sound, come let's repair

To

To *Salem*'s Courts, and let our Feet,
Her awful Threſhold gently greet.
Fair *Salem*'s Walls compacted ſhine,
Which Peace and Sacred Love combine.
Thither the Tribes in Order move,
The faithful Tribes their Faith to prove;
Their Souls to Great *Jehovah* raiſe,
And fill his Temple with his Praiſe.
There Majeſty and Juſtice grace
The Throne, and *David*'s God-like Race.
O pray for *Salem*'s Peace Divine!
How great his Bliſs that joy's in thine?
Still may thy Walls the peaceful Bough
Wear for their Crown, and ſtill below
Bleſſings, as Streams thy Tents o'er-flow!
My Brethren, who thy Cauſe eſpouſe,
And ſweet Companions of my Vows,
Engage my Heart to wiſh thy Peace
A long Defence, a large Increaſe.
But moſt the Altars of my God
Move me to court thy bleſs'd Abode, And

And vow that on thy proſp'rous State
My Labours and my Life ſhall wait.

PSALM CXXV.

Qui confidunt in Domino, ſicut Mons Sion.

THE Good, that on *Jehovah* place
Their Cares, ſhall perſevere in Grace,
Unmov'd, as ancient *Sion* ſtand's,
Girt with inviolable Bands.
The Mountains with their lofty Brows
Do *Salem*'s peaceful Tents incloſe:
Nor leſs the Juſt, with Mercy crown'd,
Do's Heav'ns Eternal Guard ſurround.
No Scourge of Sin may long endure,
To vex the Portion of the Pure:
Leſt, tempted by reſiſtleſs Force,
The Pure with Guilt ſhould ſtain their Courſe.

O fa-

O favour with thy bliſsful View
The Souls that yet are Good and True!
But thoſe who proud and wilful ſtray,
And unreclaim'd pervert their way,
With impious Men the Guard Divine
To ſure Deſtruction ſhall reſign.
While Peace, and its ſweet flowing Train,
In *Jacob* hold an endleſs Reign.

PSALM CXXVI.

In convertendo Dominus captivitatem Sion.

WHen favour'd by *Jehovah*'s Guardian Hand,
The Captive Tribes regain'd their Native Land,
We ſeem'd in Dream, or Viſion, to poſſeſs
A Pleaſure ſo profuſe of Happineſs.

Smiles

Smiles in our Look, and ſweet Complacence
ſprung,
And joyous Anthems triumph'd on our
Tongue.
Surpriz'd with Fear, the Barb'rous Nations
ſaid,
Great things for *Iſrael* has his God diſplay'd!
Great things in our Defence our God diſplay's,
Which charm our Wonder, and exhauſt our
Praiſe!
O Crown thy Work, and gather our Remains;
Turn us, as Rivers to the Southern Plains!
They that in Tears have ſown the moiſten'd
Soil,
In Joy ſhall reap the Harveſt of their Toil.
He that now weeping ſee's the furrow'd
Grave,
The Reliques of his Seed and Hopes receive,
With ſhouting ſhall return, and wave on high
The Golden Trophies of his Victory.

PSALM CXXVII.

Niſi Dominus ædificaverit Domum.

VAinly the wiſe Artificers combine
The Fabrick, if not rais'd by Hands Divine:
Unleſs Heav'ns friendly Hoſt the Walls incloſe,
In vain the Watchmen baniſh ſweet Repoſe.
With miſſpent Labour you foreſtall the Morn,
And to your broken Reſt ſo late return,
And feed on Mourners Bread with fruitleſs Pain;
While dewy Sleep from Heav'n deſcend's as Rain.
Fair Children, and the Crowns of Nuptial Love,
Are Gifts Divine, and Portions from above:

So ſtreight, ſo ſmooth, and of ſuch Force poſſeſs'd,
As poliſh'd Shafts by Giant Fingers preſs'd.
Happy, whoſe Quiver, loaded thus, defie's
The Terror of inſulting Enemies,
And from his ſpotleſs Bed the lovely Guard ſupplie's!

PSALM CXXIX.

Sæpe expugnaverunt me à juventute meâ.

OFT have my Foes, may reſcued *Jacob* ſay,
Since my firſt Riſe, with Clouds obſcur'd my Day:
Oft have my Foes with impious Hands aſſail'd
My Strength, but never in my Fall prevail'd.
Th' inhumane Scourgers on my Back have plough'd
With livid Tracts, and Furrows mark'd in Blood:

My juſt Defender loos'd my ſervile Chain,
And broke the Tyrant's Inſtrument of Pain.
O periſh, to ſwift Ruine backward turn'd,
The Race that triumph'd when fair *Sion* mourn'd!
So thrive the Fruits of their abortive Pride,
As Graſs on barren Walls, which, ſcarce eſpy'd,
Miſcarries in the Birth, and on the Stalk is dried!
The worthleſs Crop delude's the Reaper's Hand,
And with its ſcanty Portion mock's the Band:
No kind Beholders bid the Labour ſpeed,
Or wiſh an Harveſt nobler than the Seed.

PSALM CXXX.

De profundis clamavi ad te Domine.

SUnk in the Depths of Miſery,
And Gulphs that open to Deſpair,
Feebly I breath my ceaſeleſs Pray'r,
To the Great Arbiter, enthron'd on high.

O let my mournful Style attain
Thy Seat, and kind Attention raiſe!
Should'ſt Thou ſeverely mark our Ways,
Could Men th' unerring Scrutiny ſuſtain?

But Mercy do's thy Scepter bear,
And prompt's it to a milder Sway:
Indulgence charm's us to obey,
And gentle Love is fruitful of thy Fear.

On Thee my dubious Wiſhes reſt,
On Thee my Hope its Anchor ſtay's,
And with thy peaceful Word allay's
The Storms that riſe and labour in my Breaſt.

Thine Aid my watchful Thoughts attend,
And, ever waking with Deſire,
My Soul prevent's the Morning Choire;
The Morning Choire a later Anthem ſend.

O *Jacob*, if thy Race adore's
Their Father's God, let Him compoſe
Their Soul, whoſe Grace no Limit know's,
And Love diffuſive make's its Pow'r its Shores!

Tho' much the Great Redemption coſt,
Let humble Penitence begin,
And ſoon the vaſt Abyſs of Sin
In Depths of endleſs Mercy ſhall be loſt.

PSALM CXXXIII.

Ecce quàm bonum, & quàm jucundum.

HOW kind the Charms, how goodly great the Sight,
What mutual Joys, what rapturous Delight,
When Brethren in firm Love and Peace unite?

Thus *Aaron*'s Head the Sacred Odours bleſs'd,
Thus thro' his Beard the trickling Sweets expreſs'd
Their Fragrance, and impearl'd his Prieſtly Veſt.

So balmy Dews ſhine rich on *Hermon*'s Brow,
So Rain diſtil's on *Sion*'s Tents below,
Whence more diffuſive Life, and endleſs Bleſſings flow.

PSALM CXLIII.

Domine exaudi orationem meam.

HEar, Lord, my Cries, admit my ſuppliant Vows!
Let Truth immutable my Peace ſecure,
And Mercy boundleſs of my State diſpoſe:
For, ſhould thy Rigours make their ſtrict Demand,
What Soul the dread Arraignment might endure,
Or, when Thou judgeſt, who ſhall guiltleſs ſtand?

Behold! relentleſs Men have round me
ſpread
Untimely Darkneſs; have to Earth confin'd,
And lodg'd me in the Chambers of the
Dead:
Exceſſive Horrors lade me with their
Chains;
Grief, and inſatiate Care devour my Mind,
And o'er my waſted Heart wide Deſola-
tion reign's.

But, with the Wonders of thine ancient
Fame
My Soul ſuſtain'd recover's to its Sight
The Trophies of thine Hand, and Tri-
umphs of thy Name:
For Thee I thirſt, to thy refreſhing Pow'r
I ſtretch my Hope, as gaſping Lands invite
The kind Relief of an aſſwaging Show'r.

O let

O let my fainting Voice quick Audience
move,
And kind Replies! O ſmile with bliſsful Face!
(My darkſome Priſon elſe my Tomb ſhould
prove:)
O, ſhine with Morning Beams, and chaſe
my Shade!
My Path enlighten, lead me with thy Grace!
To Thee aſpire's my Thought, and court's
thy Sov'raign Aid.

Reſign me not to Pride an helpleſs Prey;
Be Thou my Shelter, Thou my ſafe Retreat:
And, as I worſhip teach me to obey!
So ſhall thine Arm ſupport, thy Spirit
guide
My feeble Steps, to reach the charming Seat,
Where Virtues ever Fair, and ſpotleſs
Joys reſide.

Aſſert

Aſſert thy Title; pour thy Comforts down;
Command a gentle Period to my Woes!
But let the fierceſt Terrors of thy Throne
Purſue th' inſulting Train, whoſe Arms combine
To ſhake thy Servant from his fixt Repoſe,
Who breath's to ſpeak thy Praiſe, and live's but to be thine!

PSALM CXLVII.

Laudate Dominum, quoniam bonus eſt.

EXtol, ye faithful Souls, your Soveraign's Name!
Sweet is the Labour, as ſublime the Theme.
For Sacred Hymns will bright Affections raiſe,
And fair, and comely are the Fruits of Praiſe.

Jehovah

Jehovah Zion build's: his pow'rful Smiles
Charm her ſad Ruines into beauteous Piles.
His Mercy bring's her ſcatter'd Sons from far,
And wide collect's the Reliques of the War;
To end and to reward the Pious Mother's Care.
His Hand the wounded Spirit ſoftly bind's;
His gentle Balms aſſwage afflicted Minds.
Heav'ns Hoſt He numbers, and each Glorious Flame
Of all the radiant Thouſands call's by Name.
Great is our Lord, and unconfin'd his Pow'r;
Searchleſs his Deep; his Sea diſdain's a Shore.
By Him the Meek, advanc'd to peerleſs height,
Tread on the Trophies of ungodly State.

In-

Inſtruct the rival Sounds to mix their Strain,
Let warbling Harps improve your rapt'rous Vein;
Tune every String and Tongue, to bleſs *Jehovah*'s Reign.

The pregnant Clouds, that at his Voice aſcend,
Heav'ns Face enſhroud; while liquid Stores diſtend
Their ample Boſom; hence the ſpringing Graſs
Cloath's the bleak Hills, and feed's the Savage Race;
And hence their glad Support unſeeking find
The Brood unfledg'd, that cry, deſerted of their kind:

Cœle-

Cœleſtial Influence o'er Earth prevail's,
And Providence ſupplie's, where Nature fails.

No Racer, that command's the gen'rous Horſe,
May warrant him ſucceſsful in his Force,
Nor the ſwift Footman's Speed ſecure the milder Courſe.
But he ſhall ſtill ſucceed whoſe Conſcience guide's
His careful Steps, and in his God confide's.

Let *Salem*'s Tow'rs with loud *Hoſannah*'s ring,
O *Sion*, let thy Songs proclaim thy King.
With triple Bars thy Fortreſs he ſecure's;
And Bleſſings on thy blooming Off-ſpring pour's.

He

He crown's thy Borders with the peaceful
Train;
And load's thy joyful Fields with flow'ry
Grain.
His wing'd Commands, once utter'd from on
high
To the laſt Bounds of all Creation fly,
His Hand the criſped Froſt as Aſhes ſtrows,
And o'er the Hills a woolly Mantle throw's.
When Icy Fragments hold the Floods in
Chains,
What Heroe's Force the pointed Cold ſu-
ſtain's?
Check'd with his Word, relaxing at his Beams,
Murm'ring they float upon the molten Streams.
His Earthly Throne in *Sion*'s Courts He hold's;
To *Jacob*'s Race his Sacred Truth unfold's.
Not ſo to Gentile States has he diſplay'd
His Laws, or with his Day-ſpring pierc'd their
Shade.

THE

THE
Third Chapter
OF THE
REVELATIONS
Paraphras'd,
IN
ENGLISH VERSE.

LONDON,
Printed for *B. Aylmer* at the Sign of the *Three Pigeons* in *Cornhill*, 1706.

THE
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OF THE
LAMENTATIONS
Paraphras'd,
IN
ENGLISH VERSE.

THE
Third CHAPTER of the
REVELATIONS
Paraphras'd,
In *Engliſh* VERSE.

LET the bright Watchman, that defend's
The *Sardian* Gate, hear what his Lord declares,
Whoſe Throne the Seven-fold Pow'r attend's,
And whoſe Right-hand ſuſtain's the Myſtick Stars:
I love thy Vows, but hate thy Sin:
Without thou feigneſt Life, I ſee thee dead within.

If yet around thine Heart there move
Some warm Remains of Life not given o'er,
With Care the Heav'nly Spark improve,
And guard expiring Faith with all thy Pow'r.
Too long uncertain Thou haſt ſtood,
Novice in Arts Divine, and incomplete in Good.

Let thy divided Thoughts be ſtay'd
On thoſe high Oracles, that bleſs'd thine Ear;
Hold them for ever, undecay'd;
Thy paſt Neglects let pious Grief repair;
E'er yet I rouſe thee from thy Charm,
With Terrors on my Brow, and Vengeance in my Arm.

Some happy Names thy Liſt's adorn,
Shining with Truth, and pure from worldly
Stain:
Theſe, clad in Robes by Angels worn,
Shall fill the Number of their Prince's Train;
And, worthy of their high Degree,
Poſſeſs the brighteſt Stalls of Heav'nly Dignity.

Each Victor in the painful Race,
With radiant White array'd, ſhall end his Stage:
Nor will I, when I judge, efface
His Name, enroll'd in mine immortal Page.
My Father ſhall approve his Claim,
And all th' Angelick Hoſt applaud th' Adopted
[Name.

Let each Believing Soul attentive hear
The Guardian Spirit warn his Sacred Care.

To *Philadelphia*'s Sacred Guide,
Write, from the Holineſs and Truth Divine,
With whom the Golden Keys abide,
Eternal Heir of *David*'s Princely Line;
Govern'd by whoſe reſiſtleſs Hand,
The bliſsful Gates unfold, or cloſe at his Command.

With Joy thy Combat I ſurvey,
I move thy Tents, and ſpread thy Trophies far;
Nor force ſhall ſtop thy ſpacious way,
Nor Fraud contract the Lawrels of thy War:
Thy little Band, ſeverely prov'd,
Confeſs'd their injur'd Lord, nor from his Fear remov'd.

See, where the Rebel Tribes o'er-thrown,
(Heathens in Heart, but *Jews* in formal Guize;)
Their weaker Hate while they diſown,
Applaud the Strength my pow'rful Love ſupplie's!
Nor *Satan* may diſdain his Foe,
When ſuppliant to thy Seat his Synagogue ſhall bow.

As thy firm Soul had Grace to brave
The firſt Aſſault, Victorious in Diſtreſs,
Untry'd a mightier Stroke ſhall leave
Thy Valour, nor thy riſing Fame ſuppreſs:
While all alarm'd, the Nations wait
The ſearching Hour, and tremble at the dubious Fate.

Behold! I come, with ſpeedy Aid,
And bring my Glories to reward thy Pain:
Dare to be true; and, undiſmay'd,
The Conqueſt which thy Patience win's, re-
[tain;
Nor tamely, when the Day's thine own,
Permit the Foe to rob thee of thine envied
Crown.

The faithful Victor will I rear
A Beauteous Pillar in the Sacred Frame:
My Father's Style his Breaſt ſhall wear,
Inſcrib'd with Honour; and the lovely Name
Of the *Jeruſalem* Divine,
And Glorious on his Front ſhall my new Title
[ſhine.
Let each Believing Soul attentive hear
The Guardian Spirit warn his Sacred Care.

Shepherd, from whoſe leſs heedful Sight,
Laodicea's Flock neglected ſtray's,
Where Eaſe, or Error, firſt invite,
To thee th' Eternal Word this Grace diſplay's,
The faithful Witneſs and the true;
Of all Creation Prince, or ancient, or the new.

I ſee thine Arts, and thy Diſguize,
Thy veering Tempeſt, and thy various Tide;
I ſee thy Current fall, or riſe,
As Cold and Heat th' inglorious Throne divide:
I wiſh the Cold might fix its Reign,
Or more aſpiring Heat the ſtrong Aſcendant Gain.

For,

For, had thy Nature, unreſign'd
To purer Grace, maintain'd its firſt Deſire,
I would not hope a Flame to find
Within the Breaſt that never felt a Fire,
Miſtaken Hatred might be born
With Pity, dubious Love ſhall be repaid in
Scorn.

Thus Men their fainting Senſe revive
With like Succeſs, whether the liquid Store
Do's to the thirſty Veins derive
A gen'rous Warmth, or cool refreſhing Pow'r:
But, if with neither Temper fraught,
Their loathing Mouth reject's, and ſpurn's the
nauſeous Draught.

Vain-

Vain-glorious Folly can relate
Thine All-ſufficient Wealth, thy vaſt Increaſe,
Nor let's thee feel thy mournful State
Of Naked Beggary and Wretchedneſs.
Such Stores, alas! thy Thought imploy,
As fleeting Dreams may give, and Blindneſs
may enjoy.

I guide thee to thy better Claim,
Subſtantial Treaſures, Gold refin'd, and pure,
And ſpotleſs Robes, to ſhroud thy Shame,
And Heav'nly Balms thy Mortal Sight to cure.
Nor other Price may'ſt thou repay
To me, but that to me thy ſelf thou ſhould'ſt
convey.

If Wiſdom form her High Commands
Ally'd to worldly Pain, thy Strength to prove,
Hence more ſecure thy Purchaſe ſtand's;
And more confirm'd thy Title to my Love:
Ariſe! thy Nobler Task begin,
And purge with zealous Flames the foul Remains of Sin.

Long have I waited, long have preſs'd,
At the rude Gate of thine ungrateful Race,
And none admit's the Patient Gueſt.
Yet, if I enter once, a Friend's embrace
Shall cancel all that was unkind,
And ſweet Repaſts of Love the bliſsful Union bind.

The Honours of my Princely Seat
Will I enlarge for him that win's the Courſe,
And grace him with Majeſtick State;
As I from Labours, and ſucceſsful Force
Made Partner of my Father's Reign,
Eternal Triumphs lead, and boundleſs Pow'r
ſuſtain.

Let each Believing Soul attentive hear
The Guardian Spirit warn his Sacred Care.

FINIS.

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FINIS.

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